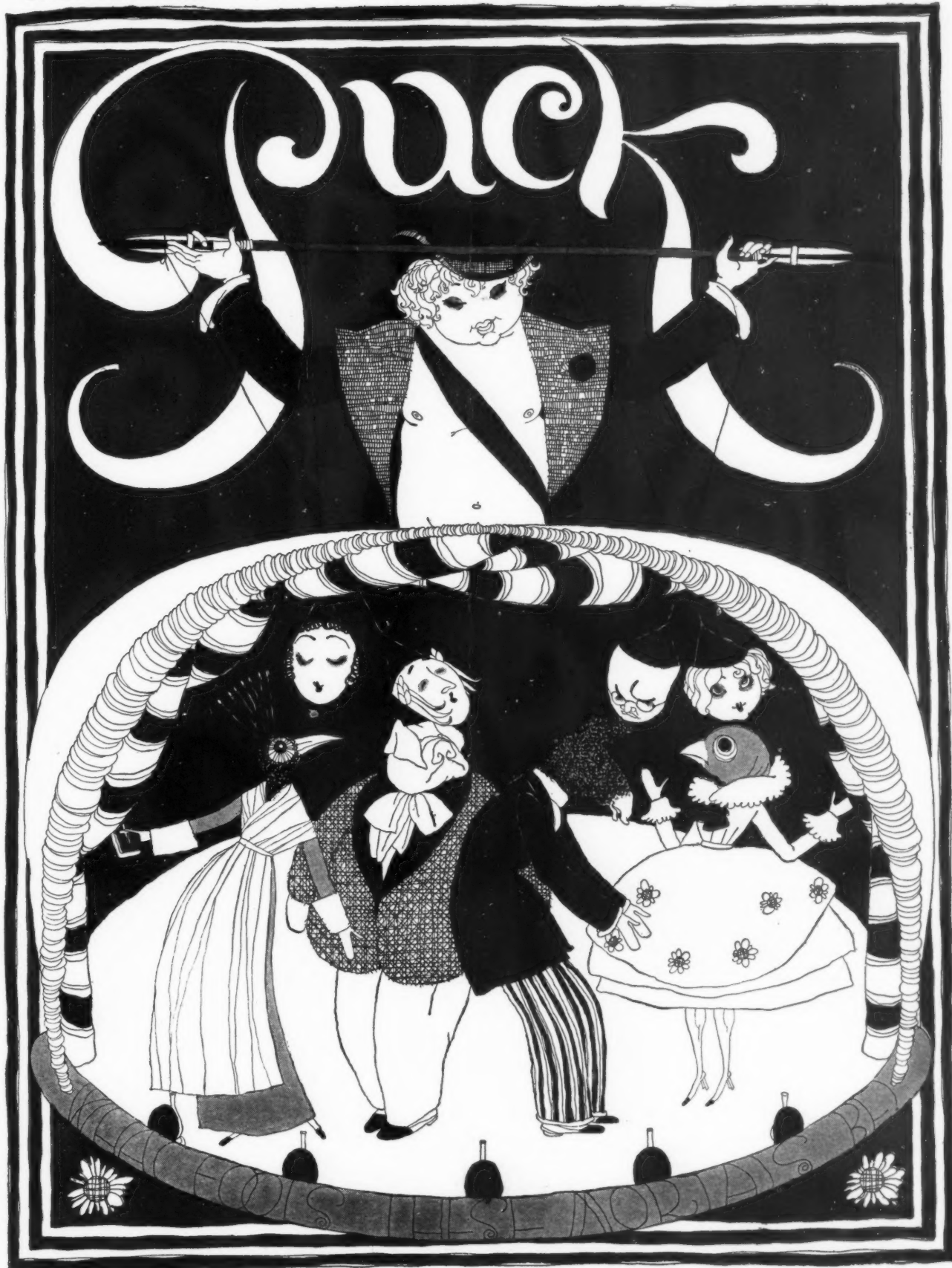


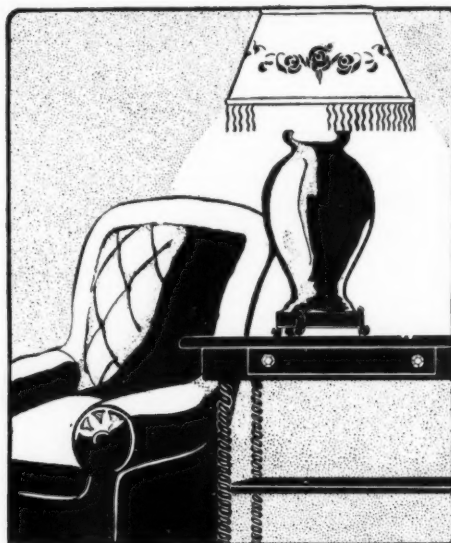
UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 24, 1917

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

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America's Cleverest Weekly



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What's The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened to you?

PUCK wants to find out how funny the world can be when in its most jocular mood. Everybody has had some funny experience. Write it on one side of the paper, keep it within 500 words—the shorter the better—and send it to PUCK previous to March 15th, 1917.

To the reader who relates the funniest experience in the most readable form, PUCK will mail a check for \$250.00 shortly after the closing of the contest. A second prize of \$150.00 for the next best, and a third prize of \$100.00 for the third best story, will be awarded at the same time. The editors of PUCK will be the judges, and entries not awarded a prize but considered available for publication will be purchased at our regular rates.

No entry will be returned unless stamps are enclosed for the purpose. Each entry should bear the name and address of the sender. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to PUCK in order to compete for these prize awards, nor is it essential that the experience be true, so long as it is funny.

Address your entry plainly
Funny Story Editor,
PUCK,
210 FIFTH AVENUE
New York

Puck announces for next week
among others, the following features:

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

By Israel Zangwill

AN INTERVIEW WITH THOMAS HARDY

By Osiris Cob

THE NEW NATIONALISM

By Our Fashion Editor

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE

By Samuel Hoffenstein

DON'T WORRY

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ALAN DALE ON THE DRAMA

CARTOONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By

MACAULEY, HESS, WESTERMAN,
BURTON, MORRIS
and others

Ruck



Robinson Crusoe: "What! Intruders?"

— Drawn by Evans

The Empress of Abyssinia

Interviewed by Osiris Cob

It was Walt Whitman who asked whether the savage had not surpassed civilization. A curious question in the light of 1914 and after. Then, too, it was Nietzsche who preached the Great Blonde Beast and said that man was soon to surpass himself, and it was Edward Carpenter who wrote "The Cause and Cure of Civilization," an essay that some one ought to republish.

These things occurred to me the day I rode over the borders of Abyssinia in a mule-cart to get an interview with Ulzero-Zeodita, Empress of ten million barbarians—delightful word, barbarians!—but we do not pronounce it with the same sureness of vision since the day the angels and the Keribs got knocked off of the Cathedral of Rheims.

The women to-day in America are yowling and meowling for the Suffrage and all sorts of "rights" when these poor barbarians have gone the West one better by skipping the right to vote and putting on their throne Mme. Ulzero-Zeodita.

Which proves that women get exactly what they want in some places without election boards. Not that Queens are novel things in this deliciously irrational world—there are Jezebel and Bloody Mary and Cleopatra of blessed memory—but that "barbarians" should bow willingly to the divine rights of the Eternal and Sometimes Feminine does prove that Old Walt was asking a real question when he intimated that civilization may yet reach the sweet reasonableness of savagery.

The Queen is young, handsome and intelligent. Pure Ethiopian uncontaminated by Western ideas. It is true she admitted to me while I squatted on the upper step of her jasper and ebon throne, that she had "done her social bit" in Paris and Cairo—merely "to smell the stench of progress," as she naively remarked—but I could clearly see that her "civilization" had been arrived at intuitively.

A better governed country I have never travelled through. There being no "progress," there was no crime. The natives hardly ever wear clothes; hence they were pure in all their relations. As the merchants know nothing of profit, as everything is bartered pound for pound, honesty is the rule. The natives are, in a word, serene, simple, pacific, one-dimensional souls.

Ulzero-Zeodita herself was decked out in beautiful garments. She told me she usually wore very little, but had put on her clothes on this day because she wished not to shock me in any way.

"You Westerners are so naturally immodest," she said to me smilingly, "that you never could understand the modesty of our nudeness."

How could I quarrel with such a super-



THE EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA — Drawn by Julian Hess

woman? Besides, I was her guest. And I soon found that this woman was a genius. She spoke in English and French with a German accent—"just to show you I'm a neutral monarch in this War of Cultures," she purred out between her dazzling teeth.

"I just love your ideas of socialism," she began in answer to my question. "I call myself a super-socialist. Like civilization, I have passed it. Ask my ministers and subjects.

"Personally, in relation to my people, I am a kind of beneficent Shylock. I make them the creditor class—all of them; but I never take their pound of flesh. I make them slaves, give them a home and land—to live on, not to own. Total disarmament of the individual—that has been my plan. And so I have not a subject who can any longer think for himself.

"And then I know the power of words. I run a logocracy. And I have written a beautiful treatise on 'Incantations,' which, of course, you cannot read, as it is written in pure Ethiope. The last thinker whom I put to death called me the 'Machiavelli of Abyssinia' and said my book 'Incantations: a Primer for Monarchs,' was like 'The Prince!'"

And the Queen of Abyssinia shrugged her shoulders like one who waves away the universe.

"You see, Mr. Cob, all is rigmarole in this world. Therefore, I and some others, rule. With words I can summon devils, ghosts, overturn the tariff or the established church. Just now your Western nations have the incantation 'Culture.' Dear me, that word will never cross my border!"

(Continued to page 26)

Grinagrams

Patriotically speaking, it is not considered good form to shoot your own soldiers in the back when their faces are toward the enemy. Let the "practical men" whose specialty is embalmed beef (see Spanish War records of 1898) take this to heart.

Theodore Roosevelt to-night offered his own and the lives of his four sons to the country in case hostilities are not averted.

— *The word from Oyster Bay.*

Why such discrimination against a perfectly good son-in-law, the Hon. Nick Longworth?

Germany has conceded to Holland an enlarged safety zone for her North Sea shipping. In other words, Holland shipping will be in no danger while it is "in Dutch."

"I regret to see our country drifting into war. We helped civilization to the extent of making all the money we could out of the war and it would be a shame now to sink the money."

— *The First Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee.*

And yet there are people who persist in saying that Socialists are not practical.

It is hard luck for Lawson. Just as he was getting snugly in the public eye again, along came the break with Germany.

"The American people are not overbearing, but if they are pushed with their backs to the wall, they are dangerous."

— *Vice President Marshall.*

Like Cousin Egbert, they "can be pushed just so far."

The prospect of food shortage in Great Britain, and the news that the British intend to raise more of certain staples, notably wheat and potatoes, reminds one that a few years ago Lloyd George's bitterest fight was with the noble gentlemen who sought the time-honored privilege of keeping British land out of use, so that its availability for noble sport—grouse-shooting, for instance—might not be interrupted.

While ruthlessness in warfare has science for its side-partner, the game for civilization is about up. Poison gas, for example, is the product of the scientist not of the savage, of the cultured, not of the ignorant, and although its use seems barbarous now, the horror caused by its novelty will pass away and it is quite conceivable that some future Peace Congress will sanction its employment under certain prescribed conditions and make it as "humane" and as "civilized" as the machine gun or the twelve-inch shell. Civilization's only hope is that science and education and culture

will combine to make war too destructive, too terrible, even for ruthless savagery.

Some folks are born lucky. The fighters who will be jobless when the New York legislature abolishes boxing may enlist with the colors and get, perhaps, into the biggest fight of all. The purses may not be so large, but the glory will be infinitely greater.

The prospect of war pushed the "leak" inquiry off the front page and out of the public's mind; a circumstance for which a number of persons in financial and other circles may perhaps have been thankful. "No war providentially came to help us out," sigh the survivors of the life insurance "leak" of 1905.

"Let us hope that in this day of a new crisis our own President Wilson, with a mind that is far-seeing and of a historical trend, will call for help and advice upon the two ex-presidents now living."

— *A former Cabinet Officer.*

It will not be necessary for him to call upon one of them. Even a whisper will be superfluous.

When the hold-up man with the blackjack fights his victim according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules, it will be time enough to expect an abandonment of ruthlessness in larger scale warfare.

The story of Germany's new fleet of giant submarines must be taken with a grain of salt.

— *The Sun.*

But there is more reason for believing it than there was for believing that New York harbor was strewn with Spanish mines; and we took that without salt in '98.



"I've invited the engineer to call on us, auntie. You'll find him twice as interesting as that real estate man who comes to see you."



Boudoir Etiquette

Dr. Butler of Columbia is not in sympathy with the kind of education which the Rockefeller Foundation proposes for the young. "Any scheme of education," he declares, "that aims to cut the twentieth century away from a direct knowledge of all preceding human experience is an attempt to put our children back into an educational Garden of Eden, and to start the human race all over again with Eve, the apple and the serpent." And likewise, we opine, a long, long line of applicants for the job of Adam.

"A severance of diplomatic relations does not mean war."

— *Ex-President Taft.*

It did in the case of "My dear Will" and "My dear Theodore."

The possibility that Billy Sunday may have to compete with war-news when he comes to New York, makes it imperative that he liven up his act. Ordinary gymnastics will never keep him on the first page. He must learn to preach the gospel from a flying trapeze, and to call for converts while doing a "dip of death."

Gentle friends, in estimating patriotism, this should be borne in mind: though a man sell phony stuff to the government, he may easily be among the first to stand when "The Star Spangled Banner" is played.

Mr. Roosevelt has condemned this plan with tremendous emphasis. (*The League to Enforce Peace*). He attributes all sorts of bad motives to those who are proposing it. I've got so that I don't mind it now. Mr. Roosevelt also says that he invented the idea. Perhaps he did; I don't know. But if so, I don't know why he now condemns it, unless the answer is to be found on the cover of the Metropolitan Magazine which reads: "The League to Enforce Peace Is Mischievous, Unless—By Theodore Roosevelt."

William, we hereby hail you as the Prince of Grinagramists. And to think that we looked squarely at that cover—and never thought of it!

The Almighty Dollar

By Dr. Max Nordau

Author of "Degeneration," "Paradoxes," and "Conventional Lies."

I should blush to enlarge on the power of money. The matter is too trivial to deserve new treatment. But it is perhaps less trite to show the effect of Mammon in a field where one would not ordinarily look for his activity.

The yearly awarding of the Nobel prize for literature is regarded in the old and the new world, as one of the great events of the time. Even now, amidst the roaring of monstrous guns, the demolition of venerable cathedrals and the shrieks of agony of women and children drowned like kittens by submarines, the act appealed powerfully to universal attention and all the papers devoted to it a surprisingly disproportionate space among reports of tremendous battles and of government and parliament doings of historical importance.

All civilized mankind is unanimous in attributing to the Nobel prize the highest moral value. Nobody dares to doubt that it signifies the supreme and decisive consecration of an author. It confers upon him the dazzling crown of world-wide fame. Under all latitudes, from the poles to the equator, a hasty emulation sets in for translating, reading, studying the glorious man, if he happens to be unknown as yet outside of his own country. The most striking example to the point is the case of the then Mr., now Sir, Rabindranath Tagore, the great lyricist, if less overwhelming storyteller, in the Bengalic language. His name came as a surprise and a revelation to the public at large, but was at once adopted without contradiction or resistance when he was proclaimed laureate by the Stockholm academy. No less convincing was the sudden success of Selma Lagerlöf in consequence of her receiving the Nobel prize. Ignored beyond the pale of the Scandinavian and Teuton languages, she gained at once a large and enthusiastically appreciative congregation in France, in Italy, in Spain, as soon as the Stockholm worthies had authoritatively imposed her on general attention.

The beneficiary of the Nobel prize enters a life in the starry dream of immortality. Whenever he is spoken of after the day of his coronation, it is ever added with almost religious reverence, with an inner, and often real, bow: "Nobel prize!" When Paul Heyse, Mistral, Echegaray died, it was this title on which all their negroologies put particular stress. The same phenomenon could be observed recently, at the demise of Henryk Sienkiewicz. Have these hundreds of thousands, these millions, who, without the least opposition, with unresisting submissiveness, recognize the authority of the Nobel prize, who accept with such servile obedience the decrees of the Stockholm

Academy, have they ever asked themselves what motives are behind it all?

Who are they that every year dictate to the entire civilized mankind the law of literary world-fame? They are some fifteen or twenty honest Swedes, assuredly most respectable, incontestably learned, possessing perhaps commendable taste, probably all of them distinguished in some special branch of knowledge, evidently well-known and appreciated in their own country, but of whom not one has achieved universal celebrity. It is not sinning against the courteous respect due to honorable scholars when we observe that practically they represent an assembly of anonymous people. Yet civilized mankind admits without protesting that this handful of nameless and irresponsible personalities acts as the supreme aesthetic tribunal whose judgments are endowed with the power and virtue of infallible revelations. Why, in all the world, why? For a unique reason; because these good men are able to prop up their verdict with a grant of some \$40,000.

Imagine for a moment the Stockholm Academy being placed in the same position as similar corporations in other small countries—say in Portugal, Holland, or Denmark; its members deciding to make it their business to examine and judge foreign authors who in no way concern them, practising the pleasant and harmless sport of gratifying every year, one of them with a reward consisting, say, of a handsomely inscribed diploma, perhaps accompanied by a stately bronze or silver medal. Do you think that outside of Sweden, one single paper would take the slightest notice of this prize proclamation, that one single foreigner would pay the proceeding the least attention, that the decision of the Stockholm Academy would mean more to the world than the publication of the prize list of, perhaps, the Toulouse Floral Games? Consequently, what makes the whole difference between this supposition and reality, are the \$40,000 backing up the diploma instead of a bare bronze or silver medal. It is, therefore, the money exclusively, which gives to the judgment of the Stockholm Academy, weight and importance.

Let us go one step farther. How have those honest Swedish scholars attained their world power in literary criticism? In a charmingly simple manner. A countryman of theirs, Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, has bequeathed to them his millions, and thereby enabled them to deal out every year several small fortunes. Nobel had a heap of money, but few friends, and neither wife nor children. He manufactured explosives for war, but was an enthusiast for peace.

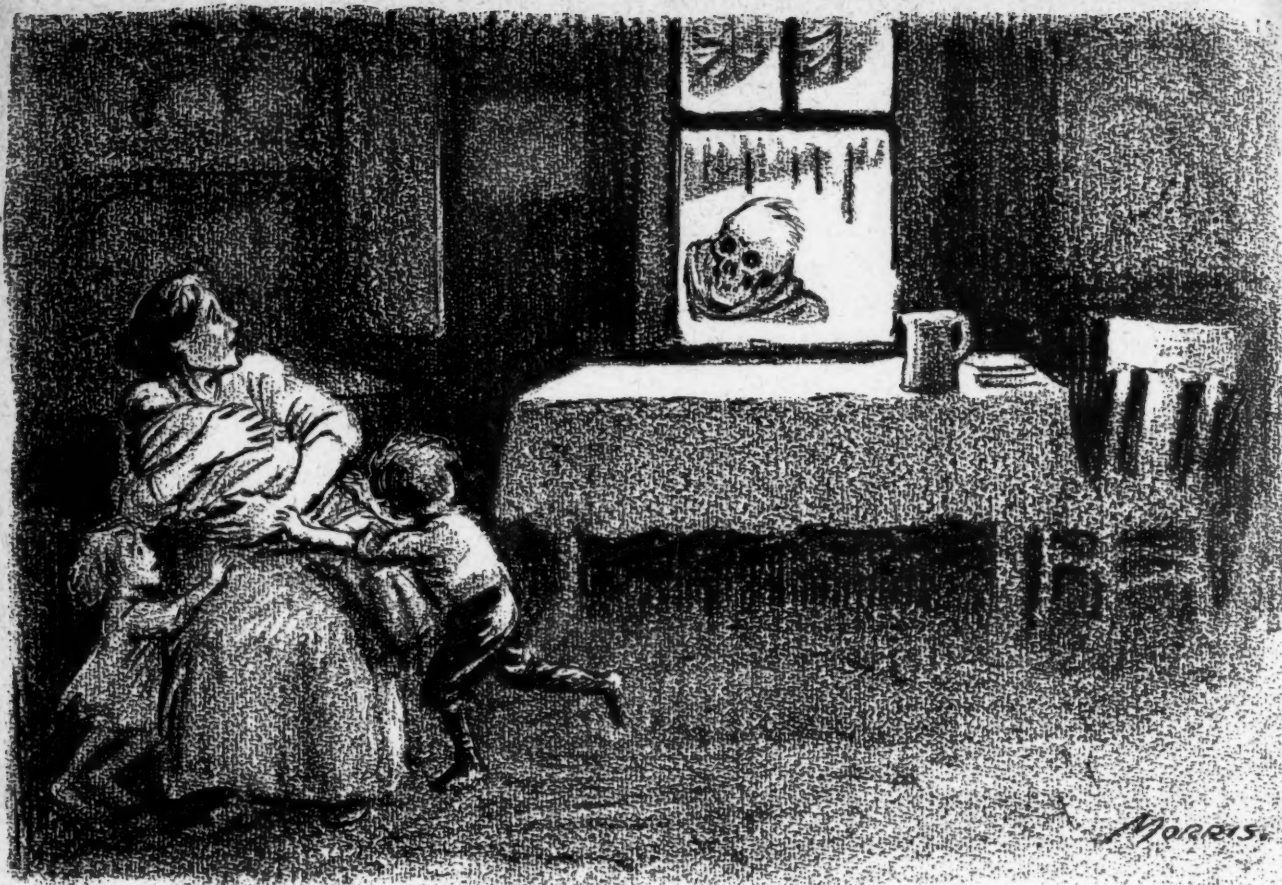
He was a hard, practical business man, but cherished a secret love for the blue blossom of idealism. He had a contempt for men but was fond of books. He detested Zola and the naturalists who in his time set the fashion in the world's fiction, and puzzled his brains by what means he might depreciate them. To fight them with the pen was out of the question, as he was not very familiar with the use of this tiny implement. But a happy financial thought occurred to the financier. He made a substantial endowment for idealistic authors, and for them alone, and he died with the conviction that he had broken the neck of naturalism.

A man afflicted with scruples would have surrounded his foundation with elaborate arrangements. Intending to have his prizes awarded to all national literature, he would have deemed it necessary to entrust with their distribution a laboriously and craftily composed corporation, a board formed of the foremost master minds of different countries, vouchsafing its competency by the illustrious names of its members and by the variety of their nationalities and securing thereby for its judgments incontestable authority. Nobel did not pause at considerations of this sort. By a short cut, he invested with the function the Stockholm Academy, not doubting that with his money it would produce the same effect as an Arcopagus of the most famous contemporaries.

What a pity Nobel had no humor. He might have appointed as distributor of his prizes, instead of the Stockholm Academy, the skittleclub of Lund or the night-watchman of Upsala. The money would have been received from their hands with the same readiness and gratitude as now, and the Nobel prizes would have commanded no less authority than at present.

There is much less irony in the fact of the Stockholm Academy acting as trustee for the Nobel legacy. An Academy, be it an obscure one, has always respectability and if the world accepts its verdicts, it may hypocritically deny that it is simply hypnotized by \$40,000, and that its deference is only a form of its abject worship of the golden calf.

It remains demonstrated, all the same, that an enriched chemist was able to buy with his money the power to confer on authors, long after his death, far into the future, universal fame and immortality. That such a thing should be possible characterises the moral and intellectual level of a civilization.



— Drawn by W. C. Morris

A Message from the Battlefield

An Efficiency Story

By Jesse Reinach

There was once a young man.

There have really been many young men, but not many like this young man.

His name was Reginald.

He was very ambitious.

It is true, there is nothing very unusual about being named Reginald or about being ambitious.

But wait!

He studied all the cigarette advertisements in the daily newspapers!

He not only studied them but believed them!

Therefore, he was unusual.

He believed that if he smoked King Pharoah Specials he could become a diplomat.

The smoking of Chilblain Straights, he was positive, would cause him to "belong" among the discriminating.

"The stock broker smokes the Who's Who Cigarette," was another idea lodged in his skull.

Between his ears he had a notion, suggested of course by advertisements, that the magazine editor smoked Shakespeare Cork Tips.

Other brands, he knew, were good for baseball writers, yachtsmen, fight managers and poets.

Reginald was ambitious.

He liked versatility.

He wished to be a diplomat, society man, stock broker, magazine editor, baseball writer, yachtsman, fight manager and poet.

So he smoked.

Morning, noon and night he puffed away.

Desiring versatility, he smoked all brands.

Time went by.

One year.

Two years.

Three years.

Ten years.

Seventeen and a half years.

He had not attained his heart's desire.

He had not become a diplomat, society man, stock broker, magazine editor, baseball writer, etc.

He was just a spendthrift.

A New England aunt had left him a legacy, and he had spent it all on cigarettes, had squandered it all upon his hopes.

Broken and bowed, he lay in bed and reviewed his life through the haze of the years.

Nothing but smoke.

Then bitterness gnawed at his heart.

He thought of his blasted career, of the years he had spent in his studies, and the money he had spent.

As the monument for his life's work he saw nothing but a pile of ashes.

Then he raised up his voice.

"Fair Goddess of the Cigarette," he wailed,

"you have misled me.

"I have not become a diplomat, society man, stock broker, magazine editor, baseball writer, yachtsman, fight manager and poet.

"Yet I played the game with all my heart, and now I am broken in spirit and broke in pocket."

Then a small clear voice issued from out the smoke.

"Ah, but Reginald," it said, "you forgot one thing. 'This is an age of specialization, and you did not specialize.

"You tried to be everything.

"You smoked all brands.

"You should have specialized!

"You should have smoked only one brand.

"Reginald, you are the victim of your own overreaching ambitions."



Journalism

THE INTERVIEW: "Get out; I've got nothing to say."

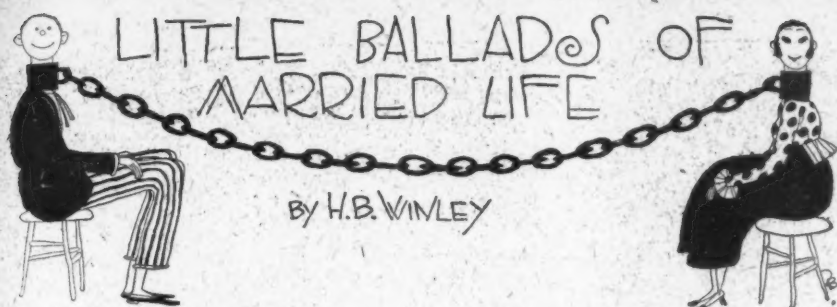
AS IT APPEARED IN THE LAST EDITION:

Mr. Blank declined to discuss the report.

"I can assure you that I know nothing of the matter," he asserted. "I cannot understand how it originated, but you can deny it in toto. It is all conjecture."

TEACHER—"How many ribs have you?"

JOHNNY—"I don't know, ma'am, I'm so awfully ticklish, I never could count 'em."



LITTLE BALLADS OF MARRIED LIFE

By H.B. WINLEY

The Jollier

He brings her home flowers when-
ever he's late
And of course she can't scold him
at all,
He tells her her beauty is growing
so great
That she keeps him forever in
thrall.

She makes up her mind she will speak
to him plain
About various faults he possesses,
But somehow or other she has to
refrain
When he covers her lips with
caresses.

So she does without things that she
wants and she needs,
And she overlooks things she dis-
covers,
And forgets all the woes of the life
that she leads,
In the kiss of her monarch of lovers.

The moral is—Husbands, just cudgel
your wits,
And make up a moral that properly
fits.

The Things That Count

The way She eats spaghetti
The way He takes his pie,
May seem a matter petty
Too tiny to decry,
Yet it is often things like these
That break love's bravest argosies.

Quite frequently a passion
Has flown beyond recoup,
Spoiled by the husband's fashion
Of taking in his soup;
(An inhalation audible
Is very far from laudable.)

A husband might be burgling,
Yet keep his wife's affections,
But chronic coffee gurgling
And such like derelections
May serve a marriage bond to break
That theft and murder couldn't shake!

Wait a Bit

Have you some woes to discuss?
Wait until breakfast is over.
Earlier talk means a fuss,
Wait until breakfast is over.
When you first slowly arise,
Sleep's in your brain and your eyes,
Dodge any troubles—be wise,
Wait until breakfast is over.

Most men are bears till they're fed,
Wait until breakfast is over,
Then they are easier led,
Wait until breakfast is over,
Wives, too, are pleasanter souls,
When they've had coffee and rolls,
Wisdom this warning extolls,
Wait until breakfast is over!

Must you talk worries and bills?
Wait until breakfast is over,
Servants and various ills?
Wait until breakfast is over,

If you must bring in review,
Things that are dismal and blue,
This much at least you can do,
Wait until breakfast is over!

Any Wife to Any Husband

You want me to look like a girl in a
book

Or a pretty young thing in a play,
Always natty and neat in the house
or the street,

Always garbed in the daintiest way.
If I look like a dowd you remark
it aloud

And at curlers and such you will
sneer,

And—I think you are quite undeni-
ably right,

But I wish you'd reciprocate, dear!
If you think, oh my mate, your ap-
pearance is great,

When there's three days of beard
on your face,

If you think you are much in your
shirt sleeves and such,

Or that bath slippers add to your
grace,

You may guess once again, best and
noblest of men,

For I don't mind admitting to thee,
That I think it is fair You should
dress with more care

And not leave *all* the beauty to me!



THE MATCHMAKERS

— Drawn by Radou



— Drawn by Julian Hess

The Helpless Neutral



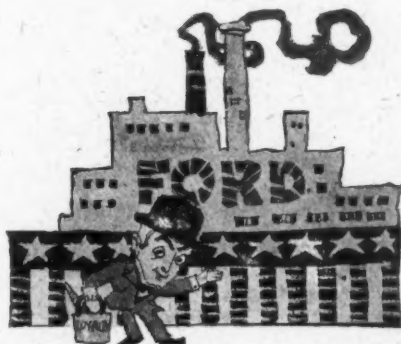
THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses By BERTON BRALEY

Drawings By MERLE JOHNSON

Our President's spoken,
Relations are broken
With Wilhelm and all of his clan,
Whose program of slaughter
On land and on water
Has threatened the freedom of man.

Their maniac madness
Has filled us with sadness;
In sorrow, not anger, we wait,—
Still hoping the German
Plain folk will determine
To end all this orgy of hate.



But in these grim hours
We pledge all our powers
To this our great land of the free;
Our peace hope holds steady,
But still we are ready
If war and its horrors must be.

Says Ford, "If there's trouble,
My plant I will double,
And turn out young u-boats in hordes,
For I have a notion
To sprinkle the ocean
With thousands of submarine Fords.

"And as to a profit—
I scorn and I scoff it,
I don't care for coin of that sort."
Say, Henry, old scout, you're
A peach; there's no doubt you're
A Patriot, yes, and a sport.

We wish all the wealthy
Showed feelings as healthy
But some are a different breed;
Who'd gouge all the nation
In this situation
To sate their inordinate greed.

The U. S. now hands a
Bouquet to Carranza
And says, with no hauteur at all,
"As Wilson's apprised you,
We've just recognized you,
We'll have our ambassador call."



And now for a verse on
This crude Woolworth person
Who plans a Fifth Avenue shop;
Why, if he should enter
He'd make that swell center
A Five-and-Ten-Center—Some drop!



New York state is talking
Of legally balking
The whole of the prize-fighting mob;
Alas for the fighters,
Unfortunate blighters
They may have to go get a job!



David and Goliath

Drawn by W. C. Morris

LIONEL BRAHAM

FLORENCE REED

WILLIAM ELLIOTT



WAYS & PLAYERS By ALAN DALE

To be sensationally pictorial, aureately audacious, and flamboyantly alluring, and all apparently — I say: apparently — with Scriptural endorsement, is the theatrical manager's dream. To appeal to one set of people who go to the theatre to be shocked, and to another set of people who refuse to go and be shocked, unless the proceedings be made absolutely respectable for them—that is the supreme theatrical subtlety. Such possibilities are few and far between. Vocabulistic reviewers call them "epoch-making."

The spectacular pivot around which the big production of "The Wanderer" at the Manhattan Opera House, revolved was nothing less than the "house of *Nadina*" in Jerusalem, and the elusive but deliciously respectable programme said that *Nadina* "kept lodgings." That was really the only ray of humor that was permitted to creep into the ornate events of the "Biblical" play. This particular resort made little old modern New York look like the proverbial "thirty cents." It suggested an indiscriminate blend of every Manhattanese cabaret, with all the roof gardens, the Cocoanut Groves, the supper resorts, the dance nooks, and the midnight "revs"—with just a dash of Coney Island thrown in to leaven the whole.

The Great White Way of Jerusalem must have been tremendously gorgeous. There was nothing "one-horse" about Jerusalem. David Belasco never imagined anything more sumptuous than this Jerusalem of "The Wanderer." In *Nadina's* house, even the dances seemed up to date. To be sure, *Tadmora*, and *Beryta*, and *Karsovia*, and *Jezebel*, and *Ctesia*, and *Fialta* did not "fox-trot" or "one-step," but they were eminently Ziegfeldian and coruscantly Dillinghamesque! The settings of *Nadina's* house

seemed to be red and gold, and then—gold and red. Splendid lights in which electricity was cunningly concealed—for it is not conceivable that *Nadina* paid electric light bills—glowed pinkly, and the stage was so littered with flowers, that these seemed to resemble the offerings that the latest New York star makes to herself on her opening night.

The producers of "The Wanderer" surely spread themselves in the matter of Jerusalem. They took no chances. The Prodigal Son who wasted his substance on riotous living, was furnished with every excuse. In *Nadina's* house, the favorite game appeared to be played with dice. I was surprised to discover that the revellers did not tackle auction bridge, or poker, or even roulette. Still, the dice did very nicely, and poor *Jether*, the son of *Jesse*, otherwise the prodigal son, was "undone" with loaded dice. In those days, apparently, there was no fear of raids. Everything went along so smooth! There was no hint of "graft" in all *Nadina's* vaporings.

This scene occurred in the second act. The first and third acts had genuine charm, realism, and pathos. The story of the prodigal son was most effectively told. To my mind, the first act was a marvelous piece of work, for though its only material was the determination of the boy to leave home, and go to the big city, the "atmosphere" of *Jesse's* house near Hebron was so delicately and artistically pervasive, that the "theatre" seemed to be far away. Old *Jesse*, his wife *Huldah*, his son *Gaal*, and pretty little *Naomi* appeared to live. It was all very reverent and inspiring. This was good enough for the occasional theatre-goer. It reflected credit upon Maurice V. Samuels,

who had founded the play upon Wilhelm Schmittbonn's "Der Verlorene Sohn."

It is the pastoral picture that the conscientious playgoer will carry away from the Manhattan Opera House. The lurid and exaggerated splendor of the Jerusalem scene, he will forget. Jerusalem will be for the folks with the cabaret minds, who would go to the Holy Land to see just that sort of thing—if they were told that they *could* see it! And the mob is always with us, you know. The wise manager never forgets the mob. The story of the Prodigal Son must be made to appeal to the dear, delightful mob.

What happens to *Jether* when he leaves home, as prodigal boys will do, is precisely what happens to *Sylvia's* son in "The Harp of Life" and to *Armand Duval* in "La Dame aux Camélias." He falls in love with *Tisha* the courtesan, very precipitately. Unlike the "sympathetic" ladies of scarlet who do duty in modern drama however, *Tisha* is not whitewashed. She is consistently herself, with no theories. She lures *Jether* "to his ruin" and then abandons him for a doughty Tyrrhian sea-captain — a gentleman who might have been invented by W. W. Jacobs, but who wasn't!

It is the plaintive pastoral story of "The Wanderer" that should, and probably will be the mainstay of the drama. It was so admirably acted in its principal instances! The performance that stood out poignantly was that of the curious actress, Nance O'Neill. Miss O'Neill's magnificent organ-like voice, and her rather weird personality, were in wonderful evidence, and she has never done anything better than this. The cast was one that we call, in dull times of revival, an "all-star" cast. Most of the

(Continued on page 25)



VOL. LXXXI No. 2086

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 24, 1917

The Voice of America

WITH remarkable patience and restraint, with dignified firmness, President Wilson served notice on the German Government that America could no longer maintain diplomatic relations with Germany, because she has deliberately violated her pledge with regard to relentless and indiscriminate submarine warfare affecting American lives on the seas.

Count Bernstorff was given his passports and our Ambassador was withdrawn as a protest against Germany's repudiation of her solemn assurances to the United States.

Through President Wilson the entire American people has spoken.

The press of this country, regardless of party lines, stands united behind the great leader of the great Republic. America knows no factions now, no divisions, no groups. The American nation is wholehearted in its support of the President.

Perhaps the most significant lesson taught by President Wilson, who voices the conscience of America in this crisis, is contained in the distinction he draws between the German people and the militarist German Government in the following passage:

"I cannot bring myself to believe that they will indeed pay no regard to the ancient friendship between their people and our own or to the solemn obligations which have been exchanged between them, and destroy American ships and take the lives of American citizens in the willful prosecution of the ruthless naval program they have announced their intention to adopt.

"We are the sincere friends of the German people, and earnestly desire to remain at peace with the Government which speaks for them."

With his ardor for peace, the President seeks merely "to vindicate our rights to liberty and justice and unmolested life." These, he declares, are the bases of peace, not war.

Whatever the answer of Germany to this lofty attitude, there is not the slightest doubt that America's voice will now be heard in the Councils of those who will determine the readjustment at the close of hostilities, and the influence and moral force of America will surely lead to a more equitable settlement resulting in a lasting peace.

The Reward of Discipline

SAID Col. Roosevelt to a reporter, the day relations with Germany were severed: "Of course, I shall support the President in all that he does to uphold the honor of the United States." And he referred to the fact that already he had asked the War Department for permission to "raise a division."

Now, if the Colonel raises a division, it is more than merely likely that the Colonel himself will serve at the head of it, in the not unimportant capacity of divisional commander, and as such will be an officer in the military establishment of the United States, and subject to its rules and regulations. Among these accepted rules and regulations is one which makes the President of the United States the commander-in-chief of all its military forces; thus ranking the President higher, much higher, than any divisional commander, however competent.

Colonel Roosevelt announces that he will "support the President in all that he does to uphold the honor of the United States." But supposing that as President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson does something which Theodore Roosevelt, divisional commander, approves not of; which in the Colonel's estimation, may even "drag the national honor through the mire." What then?

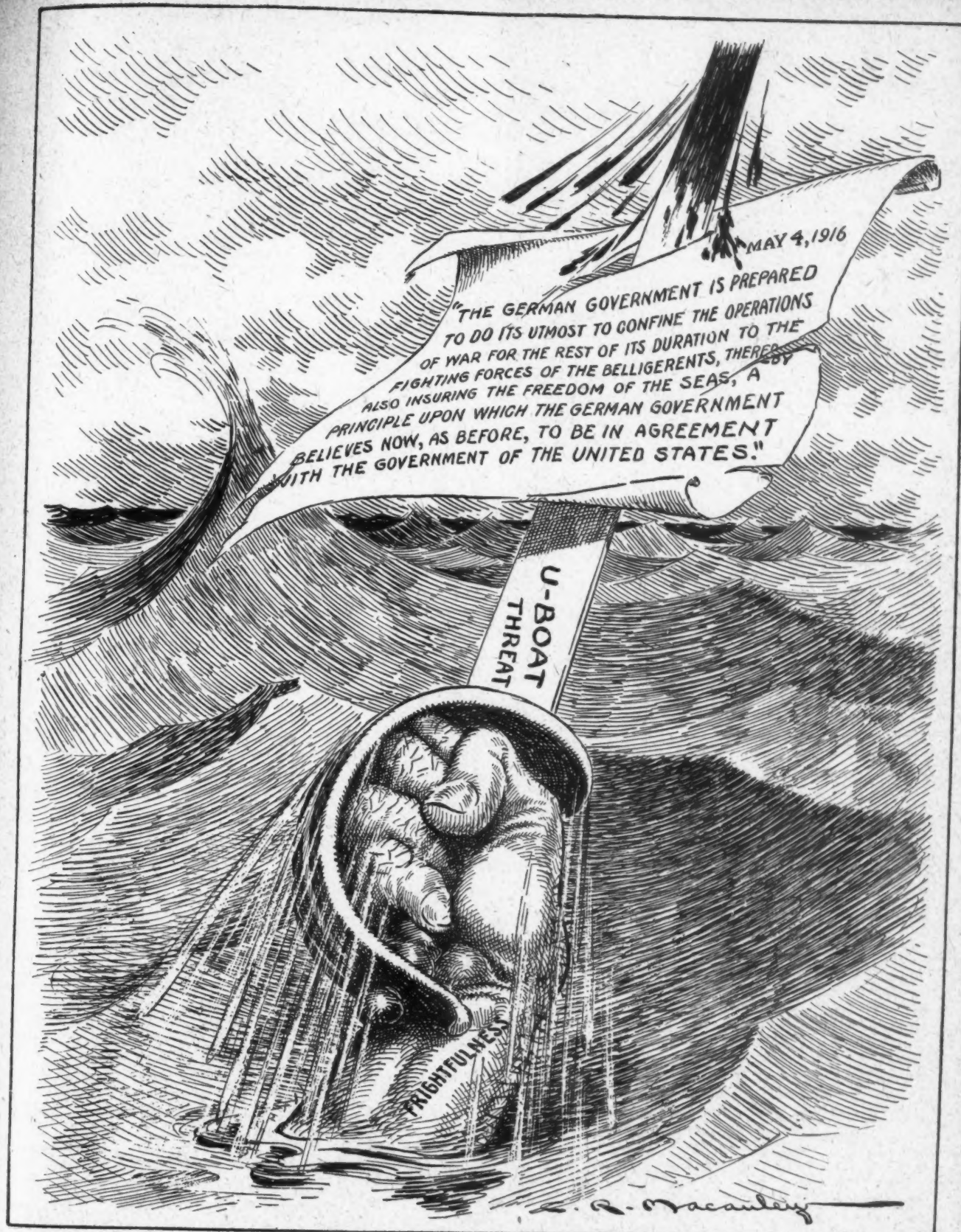
Will Divisional Commander Roosevelt assert his civilian right to "deplore" in public the acts of the commander-in-chief, or will he bow to the traditions of the service and refrain from criticizing the acts of his superior officer?

We believe the Colonel is too good a soldier, too heartily in sympathy with army custom and procedure not to accept in the proper spirit the dictates of military discipline. Once the Colonel is a divisional commander, his duties as critic-in-chief of the President will cease for the time being. Sometimes military discipline is a good thing.

Forward!

Herr Zimmerman, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, commenting on President Wilson's message announcing the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany, declared, "Germany can take no further step backward."

That is true. In her submarine policy of frightfulness, Germany cannot go farther backward. What the suffering neutral nations expect of Germany is that she turn around and take a step forward.

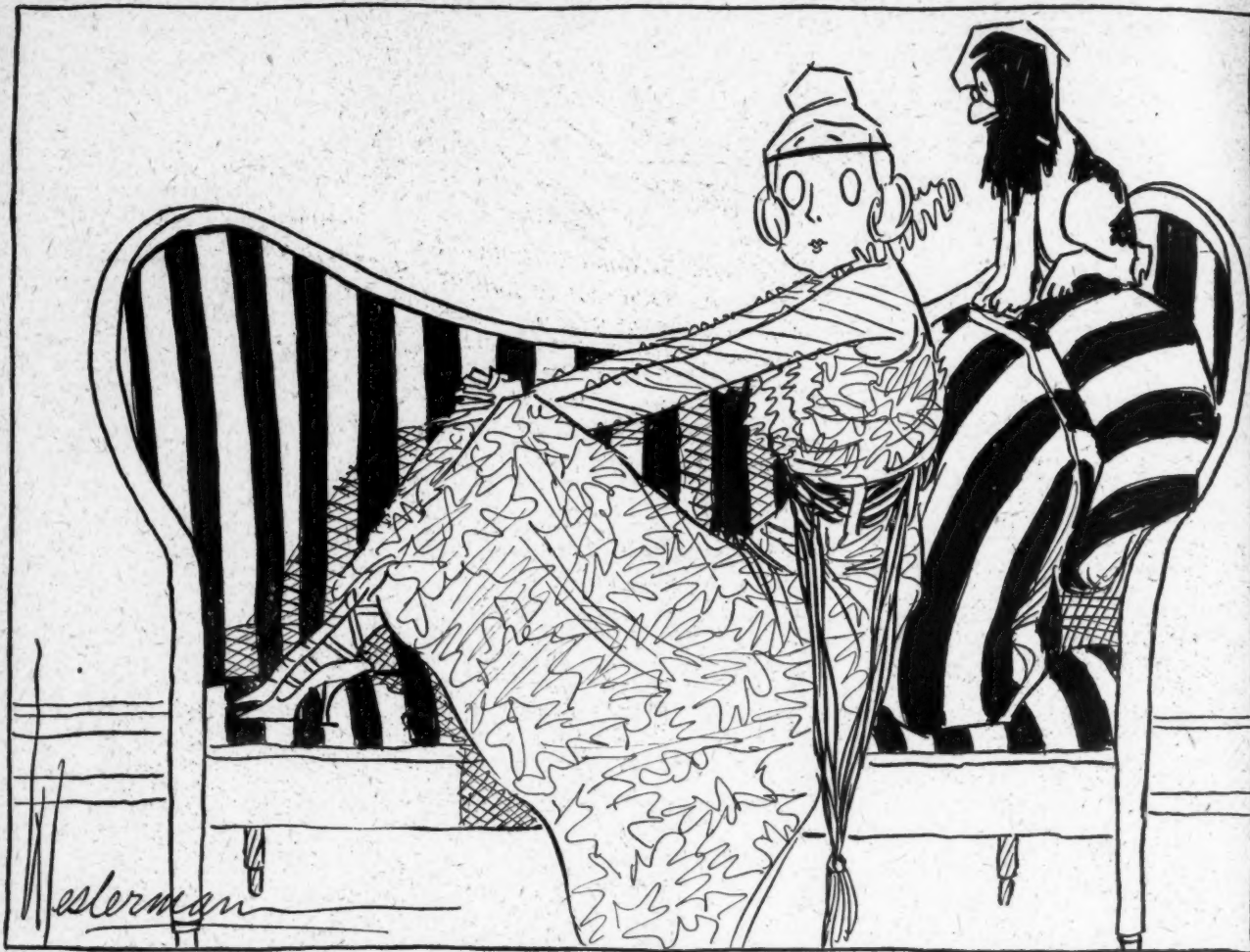


— Drawn by C. R. Macaulay

Another Scrap of Paper

The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman



The young lady across the way says her mother isn't at all well and she's been trying to persuade her to go to the hospital and have a slight autopsy performed.

Fashion in the World of Thought

By Louis Weinberg

The New Theory of Dreams

In clothes, new fashions appear, which are simply old, very old fashions with adaptations to meet the modern conditions. We may yet see even the hoop revived, though no doubt when it comes it will have to be collapsible, owing to the more crowded condition of the modern world. In thought, one of the newest modes is a revival of one of the very oldest styles,—the vogue of dream interpretation. The interpreters of dreams were on the payrolls of Kings from the time of Joseph and the Pharaohs, until our matter of fact era made it a sign of vulgarity and superstition to attach any importance to our adventures in the Land of Nod.

But the dream interpreter is with us again and if you wish to be fashionable even though you are no Pharaoh, you must engage a dream specialist, to psych-analyze

you by means of your dreams. No one who has not been psychoanalyzed, or at any rate no one who is not prepared to wear the phrases of the new theory of dream-analysis is truly a modern. The new dream interpreters are called nerve-specialists of the Freudian School, and they are not much less expensive than was Joseph.

Do you get tired after a day's work; do you grow irritable at the phone; don't you sleep well after a lobster salad; do your financial reverses worry you; do you grow unduly excited over your success; do you lose your appetite after the fifth course? If so, the symptoms are serious. You are in danger of a nervous break down. You must see a psycho-analyst and tell him your dreams. The thought garment of the dream theory can be worn in conversation loose, semi-loose, or tight fitting according to the occasion. Before giving a model conversation a brief description of the phrase material may be useful.

Suppressed Desires. The things we want to do, and say but dare not. I need hardly define further.

The Subconscion. The dark depths below conscious life where suppressed desires float

about like submerged submarines.

The Dream. The occasion when the suppressed desires rise to the surface and reveal our true mental state.

Neuroses. Sickness is due to a nervous state. The sick are those who are suppressing a desire for something they want and daren't go after; or a fear of being caught for having gone after and attained what they wanted. Brooding and the other ailments are the result.

Psycho-analysis:—the modern name for dream interpretation. If you go to the doctor and tell him your dreams he will listen to them for anywhere from five to fifty dollars a minute; and after one hundred such sessions if you are not cured he will tell you what worries you.

"The Complex" is the scientific name for what worries you. Once you know what it is it ceases to worry you; for at the same time the doctor submits his bill and you have a real worry.

Model Conversation

DEBUTANTE: This Dream Theory is going too far. I told a friend something I dreamt.

(Continued to page 24)



Drawn by Hess

The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened To Me

Cubists

This happened in the old days when a superintendent's visit of inspection to a school was not considered thorough unless there was an aftermath of fainting spells and nervous prostrations. One of the worst and shrewdest of the terrorists was "Gum Shoe" Dolan. Teachers in his district shuddered whenever they looked at a rubber heel.

On one occasion word reached me, through the surreptitious note of a fellow teacher, that "Gum Shoe" was in the building and was quizzing classes about the shape of a lump of sugar which he showed them. He wanted to see apparently whether they had been taught the concept "cube."

I rapidly instructed my class what to say when the old tyrant held up that poisoned lump of sugar. All is fair in war. It seemed not a moment too soon. Almost before the echo of my voice died away, the door swung silently open. I heard no footstep. The effect was uncanny.

He grinned at my class malevolently. When I saw his broad smile I knew something was wrong. He never smiled when all was well. At that moment I could have shrieked from sheer suspense and nervousness.

"Children," he sneered, the oily smile never fading from his fat face, "what is the shape of the object I have in my pocket?"

Poor miserable dupes! Poor victims of the fowler's snare! The whole class rose to a man and shouted,

"A cube of sugar!"

"Marvelous intuitive knowledge," Superintendent Dolan exulted in a way that meant dismissal from the service for me, while the tears flowed unrestrained down my cheeks. "I congratulate you, Miss Spaulding, on having the most observant class in the school, perhaps in the world. No pocket is too opaque when children have a clever teacher. Ah, your instructor, children, seems to be weeping tears of joy"—he turned to my quivering class—"I must wipe those pearly drops away with my own handkerchief."

I was too nervous to do anything. There I stood, helpless before his sarcasm while

Fate, hovering over us, decided for me and against him.

He put his hand into his hip pocket, took out his kerchief and something else with it. A small brown bottle went crashing to the floor. As the fumes reached their nostrils, my whole class for the second time rose to a man and shouted,

"Whiskey!"

"Gum Shoe" Dolan never bothered me again.

B. J. S., New York.

The Wrong Man

Several years ago I was traveling from St. Moritz to London. I had an hour's wait in Paris at the Gare du Nord, so I got out of the train for a little exercise. Like our own railroad stations, this one was full of hustle and bustle. After a few moments of wandering about, I heard above all other noises, a man shouting frantically: "Is there any one in this place who can speak English?"

No one else evidently could, so I walked over to where he was despairingly waving his arms (not all "men from home" are a la Wm. Hodge), and I said: "I speak English."

"Saved," he yelled. "I must get to Boulogne to-night! Ask one of these chattering Frenchmen where I can get the train for Boulogne!"

"I would," I answered, repressing a terrible desire to laugh, "if I could only speak French."

E. O. F., Chicago, Ill.



Counsel for the defense.

Cats—and My Goat

I hate cats. I have always hated them. It chills me to stroke their fur and jars me to see others do so. Yet once I petted and smoothed the fur of a score of cats.

Dick, who is my best friend, was giving a bachelor party. Dick lives in a neighborhood where the disgusting animals have formed a colony. A busy bird-store adjoins Dick's house, and outside on the sidewalk the cats meet in conclave and lick their chops. Their green eyes glitter gluttonously.

There were great cats, small cats, frowzy cats, well-washed cats, one-eared cats, one-eyed cats—grizzled veterans of a hundred battles—and even one three-legged cat, a leader, no doubt.

The boys laughed at my shivers as I stepped gingerly around them and kicked a too affectionate pussy a mile.

Upstairs their merriment did not abate, and the hackneyed quips were thrust again at me.

When the refreshments ran out, Bob went down with the can and took an unnecessarily long time to return.

The party broke up A. M., and arms linked, we sang our way down the street.

Some of the cats were asleep before the bird shop, but they rose, and it seemed to me sniffed, when we went by. Then they followed after. We tried to drive them away, especially I, but they followed us the more persistently, for each kick aimed. More cats came, excited by the hubbub. Then I noticed that Bob was laughing. Most of the cats were fawning on me. They licked at my shoes and playfully clawed my trouser legs. I imagine one or two of them laughed. I know they were all smiling. The three-legged one came running up, hippety-hop, and fell to embracing my shoe with all the ardor of his feline affection.

"Pet them," they shouted to me, and I did. But their attentions increased. Finally I ran.

When I got home and managed to undress, after holding my head under the cold water faucet to take some of the dizziness out of it, I discovered that my trouser cuffs were just full of—catnip.—J. R. F.



By Benjamin De Casseres

He of the Nobel Shekels

Tagore has sailed and is now on his way to India, a land that has not yet produced a George Washington, a Lincoln or a Walt Whitman.

He said many unkind things about us—most of which were true. We are "crude," "raw" and untamed." In other words, we in America have not become civilized to a pin's point.

There is, Sir Tagore, something elemental and civilization-creating about us. We wear our ideas—such as they are—pompadour. We are not Tagorish—that is, sweet, honeyed, scented, insipid, like most of your lush lallabies.

Our literature to-day is, we fully admit, mostly molasses for the "movies." But there are chords vibrating in us that shall strike the great diapasons of the future. We are Homeresque, Hugoesque, Whitmanesque. Come back in a hundred years reincarnated—as you know you will be—and see the records of your own superficiality.

When you were here you were present at a miracle, but lacking imagination—as do all social reformers, pedagogues and propagandist poets—you could not see that miracle.

That miracle, O thou terra cotta Tolstoi, is a giant nation in the making; a people in the crucible; the tremendous fermentation of a birth that Europe fears—the *accouchement* of the America of to-morrow.

You believe yourself to be an aristocrat, but you are only a snob. You believe yourself to be a Brahmin of the first order, but our Edgar Allan Poe, who lived on gin and borrowed money, was of a higher order than you.

And we gave the world Walt Whitman—to whose colossal height this country has not yet risen and to whose heights your soul with its maundering cadences and final feminism will never rise.

Half barbaric, half puritan; half Yahoo, half mystic—we salute you of the East, O Rabindranath of the Nobel Shekels! We salute you with a Yawp, vital, serene, self-assured. For we are the Future. You are the Past. Our Dantes and Wagners and Hugos and Goethes and Rabelais are to come.

It will be through us that India will rise from her fifth and mesmeric stupidities. We shall redeem you through Nietzsche and Walt Whitman.

Destruction of civilization? Pah! Of what value is a civilization in which such a war could occur? This war is, perhaps, the birth spasm of a real civilization.

A genius without vices is like a race horse without a good jockey.

The Millennium

A specific, definite point of time in which the wise will become so wise that the foolish will be still wiser.

Wherein things will be so perfect that nothing will any longer happen to break the rigidity of our blessed boredom.

A social, religious, economic or political allegory in which Abracadabra is the hero. The Sing Sing of the pagan spirit.

The Second Advent of the depressing doctrine of Seriousness.

The metaphysical Charley Ross.

The ragbag of the years wherefrom will peep your motley and your cap and bells

and all the other gewgaws that made life livable.

A requiem for the repose of Folly. An eternal Philadelphia Sunday.

The Desert of Perfection wherein one will be teased by the mirage of cafes and petticoats.

A place where the professional pietist will have one hellofatime, and so will the rest of us.

An insurance office where the human race can take out an endowment policy collectible at the Greek Kalends.

Our Own Dictionary

FANCY.—The magic casement in the Sing Sing of the body.

WAR.—A mosaic done in flesh, bone and blood by man himself for the delectation of some bored gods.

WAS.—A verb that engulfs every phase of the noun Hope.

SOCIAL.—Something that relates to Man-kind (see his autobiography from Salamis to Verdun).

TAXATION.—See Lessing on the Laocoon.

INTOLERANCE.—The crusade of the dead against the living.

The Policemen

(A Fable)

I stood upon the summit of the running seas
And with my iron knuckles, vengeful and predatory,

I shivered the great bulk windows of Space,
Wherein the Merchant of Life and Death
exhibits his planets, suns and moons.

Some drowsy and half-besotted gods, taking
their snooze in the ether,

Came full to life, for I had drenched them
with blood from a gashed artery in my arm;

And they pursued me with a hue and cry
adown the ladder of the waves,

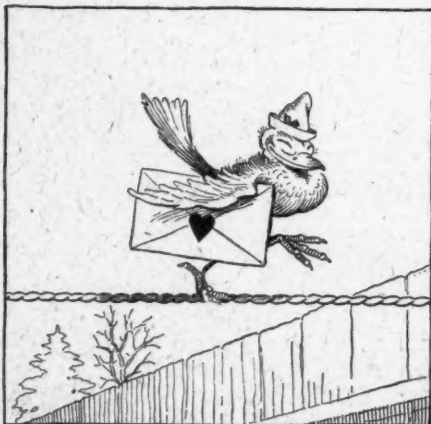
Glimpsing the booty from my bulgy pockets—
Pursued me, sounding their vast alarm from nadir to zenith,

Into Domdaniel, that fence for the reception
of stolen stars and pilfered dreams

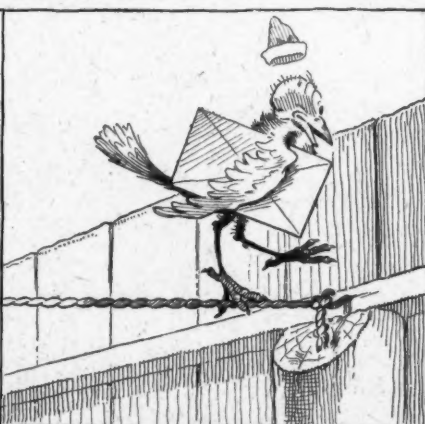
Which stretches away acre upon acre under
the floor of the oceans,

Where they lost me in the meshes of my laughter.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"Methinks I will send this proposal to me beloved—



but curse ye luck!



Me hated rival sits on yon mail box."

Be That as It May

By G. S. Kaufman

The Passionate Printer to His Love

You ask me, girl, what I would do
To show my full subjection;
So list what I would travel through
To prove my young affection:
I'd stick my head within the den
That held a hungry lion;
I'd speak benignly, now and then,
Of William Jennings Bryan;

I'd talk in London on the text:
"A Zeppelin Ascension;"
I'd cheer for Johnson at the next
Republican convention;

I'd vow to neither eat nor sleep
Till we two face the pa'son;
I'd even swim the briny deep,
Though it were hot as Lawson.

And if I starve a year, we'll say,
Or dare the boiling ocean—
O girl of mine, will you O. K.
The proofs of my devotion?

Let us suppose, for the pure sake of supposing, that you invite guests to your home for dinner. No, we'll change that. Let us suppose that you are the guest invited to somebody's home for dinner—the prior supposition, with the cost of living where it is, might take your mind off the argument. Now then. You are invited to somebody's house for dinner, and you go, and you take your seat at the table, and you toss off the cocktail. *What invariably happens next?* Give up? This:

You suddenly observe the shoulders of your hostess slump down a little in the chair. She says nothing, but augments her other apparel with a preoccupied look. She is holding tightly to the sides of her chair, and gradually you become aware of the fact that her nether limbs are performing some strange rite under the table. Then you become sure of it, for a groping foot encounters yours and is quickly withdrawn.

Presently she speaks. She is visibly embarrassed. She says: "Mr. Ginsburg, I—I don't like to trouble you, but I wonder if the buzzer is over on your side. Gertie moved the table to-day and now I don't seem to be able to find it. I think it must be right by your chair."

You murmur something about it's being no trouble at all, and raise a corner of the tablecloth and peer into the opaqueness under your side of the table. This avails you nothing, of course, because in this house the buzzer is under the carpet, and is distinguishable only by the fact that it makes a practically indistinguishable bulge. Whereupon you remark that you can't seem to find it, a statement which encourages everybody in the room to begin peering under the table with one eye and groping around with the other—you know what I'm trying to say.

Then you find it—quite accidentally. You buzz it, and Gertie comes in and removes the cocktail glasses, and everybody settles back with as much delight as though he had done it himself. It happens that the buzzer is so far away from you that you can just reach it with the tip of your shoe, but you know that you are doomed to stretch and buzz for the rest of the dinner.

It may not happen that way, of course. As a matter of fact, statistics show that dining room buzzers are out of order 73 per cent. of the time, so your chances are really excellent. All that you will have to endure, in the latter event, are the attempts of the hostess to summon Gertie by tapping the handle of her knife against her glass.

Speaking of buzzers, buttons and the task of being a button chauffeur, Mr. Wilson appears to be doing considerably less button-pressing this season than he did last. It used to be a dull day when the President didn't open a world's fair, three conventions and a couple of arguments by pressing buttons in the White House. Perhaps the larger news from Washington is crowding out the buttonpressings, but it is more likely that the President found that they were beginning to cut into his days, and hence has been going buttonless.

Incidentally, exactly how did he go about it in the palmy button days? Did he press the same button every time, or did they put in a new one for each occasion? If the latter, what did they do with the old ones?



Paying Teller: "So you've just been married, Miss Oldgirl, and want the name on your account changed. May I ask what business your husband is in?"

"Certainly—He's a dealer in antiques."



"I want you to know I'm worth five millions and I made every cent of it myself."
"Thanks for the warning."

And was there a room just for buttons, or did Secretary Tumulty bring Mr. Wilson the right one when it came time to press it? All these things are historically interesting, and ought to be cleared up for the benefit of posterity.

On top of everything else comes the announcement from Eva Tanguay that she keeps her health by walking six and one-half miles a day. Certainly not the most captious person can object to Miss Tanguay's walking six and one-half miles—providing she doesn't walk three and one-quarter miles out and the same distance back.

Conditional

After the death of her husband, an Iowa woman consulted a dealer in headstones with reference to the inscription that she desired to be placed upon her late husband's monument. After considerable discussion, she said:

"Put on it: 'To my dearest husband,' and if there be any room left, 'we shall meet in heaven.'"

A week later, entering the cemetery and proceeding to her husband's grave, she noticed the headstone and quickly rushed to see how the dealer had inscribed it. The poor widow's heart beat with pain when she read on the following stone:

"To my dearest husband, and if there be any room left, we shall meet in heaven."

An Editor Who Takes No Sass

A subscriber complains that the pieces I write are too long. He may be right, but I have sent his money back. If you are not satisfied with this publication and want your money back, this is a good time to act. The price of paper is so high that I am reducing my subscription list as much as possible."

—E. W. Howe's Monthly, Atchison.

"Those sleeves are pretty long."

"Yes, it's a regular coat of arms."

"Bubble, Bubble,—"

By Elias Lieberman

SPEEDY LESSONS

Beauty

Our ideas of beauty are all wrong, children. We believe it's a joy forever all right, but it must be retouched daily. We like our white lilies dyed carmine. Then too, the practice of releasing clouds of scented white dust on our noses—you need not illustrate, Hortense—may be decorative after a fashion but it isn't art. Beauty thus ceases to be even skin-deep and becomes skin-daubed.

The art of make-up is practiced by actors for the stage and by others on the theory that all the world's a stage. If you overdo it, people know you are underbred. If you underdo it, you are overlooked. Take your choice.

It is only near-beauty, however, that needs art to help it and not beauty itself. That sigh of relief, Clementina, was too *fortissimo*. The former is to the latter as the lay model of an artist to the living, breathing perfection of woman. Phryne, pleading for her life at Athens; Galatea, sculptured from a dream into reality; Helen of Troy, launching a thousand ships at a nod—a Homeric one—all these are examples of beauty supreme, complete in itself, artless yet transcendent. Don't look at me open-mouthed, girls. It can't be done to-day without a—er—much discretion and training.

Beauty, fortunately, may be relative as well as absolute. Take Agatha over there, for example. That baby face, flaxen hair and doll-blue eyes find many admirers. You must not pass notes to her during school hours, Harold. So, too, the dark girls with long, dream-concealing eyelashes have an easy time of it. Quit squinting, Arabella, that's not a dream-glance. That's vampire stuff. You ought to learn the difference.

There isn't a style of beauty in the whole world but someone somewhere can be found to worship it. If he doesn't play in your yard, he is somewhere on the block. Shaw

said it: pursue him and impale his palpitating heart on a love shaft. The next thing you know he will be bringing you candy, books and flowers if he is up on etiquette.

You may all hum the Mendelssohn March as you file out.

An Examination on New York Life

1. Mention at least three restaurants of importance not conducted by a ballet master, a stage director or an orchestra leader.

2. Why does a New Yorker dash up a rapidly moving escalator?

Give causes in detail under such heads

as:

- (a) Digestive complications
- (b) Brain disturbances

Presuppose the existence of a brain.

3. Give the daily routine of

- (a) A debutante
- (b) A man about town
- (c) A chorus girl
- (d) An actor "at liberty"
- (e) A tired business man

4. Elucidate the difference between a native New Yorker and a farmer visiting the Metropolis without mentioning such artist props as carpet bags, can't-be-lost umbrellas, straws in the hair and chin whiskers.

5. What other uses has a subway besides being a store-house for bombs?

6. Define

- (a) rush hour
- (b) bargain basement
- (c) cut-rate
- (d) skyscraper
- (e) margin

Familiar Types: The College Prof

Before a sleepy class you drone

A lot of learned stuff;

Or else you chirp in merry tone

Attempts at slang and fluff;

Your harmless pranks, withal, condone

Your, so to put it, bluff.



A PURE FAD RESTAURANT

— Drawn by Ragou

Ignorance

By K. L. Roberts

Ignorance is reputed to be bliss in some localities; but the persons who hold this view have probably never had to eat their way through a nine-course dinner without knowing which fork to use next.

There is doubtless much to be said in favor of ignorance; but since the only people who would care to say it are the ignorant ones who are ignorant of the fact that they are ignorant, there is next to nothing said in its defense.

Ignorance and wisdom, according to the popular misconceptions of the terms, are usually separated by a margin so narrow that a gnat would find difficulty in obtaining a foothold on it.

Thus, if a person blunders into a broker's office, buys 100 shares of Ashcan Automobile common and drops a few thousand dollars with a penetrating, reverberating crash, he is press-agented hither and yon as being an ignorant dub. If, however, his 100 shares of Ashcan Automobile soar upward with a loud whistling noise, denoting great speed, and he gathers several thousand dollars on the deal, he acquires the reputation of being as wise as, if not wiser than, Solomon, the well-known bigamist.

Similarly, many a university professor who knows all about the Prevalence of Mosquitoes in the Paleozoic Age or the Distribution of Conifers East of the Mississippi River, but who absolutely lacks understanding of his fellow-men and sympathy for their trials and their failings, is widely known as a man of great education; while numerous individuals who have risen from the masses and have failed to obtain a proper understanding of the use of "shall" and "will" or a thorough grasp of the impropriety of using a plural verb with a singular subject, but who have attained great heights through their knowledge of men and their sympathetic attitude toward their troubles, are credited in salaried circles as being living embodiments of abysmal ignorance.

The fortunate thing about ignorance is that nobody who possesses it is willing to admit that he has it. As a matter of fact, everybody is ignorant of all but a few things.

Anybody who contemplates taking a kick at somebody because of his ignorance should go out and get an abacus and become dizzy trying to count the things concerning which he himself is ignorant.

Why Studes Go to College

- No. 1, Football.
- No. 2, Coeds.
- No. 3, Frats.
- No. 4, To get out of working.
- No. 5, "With a Stein on," etc.
- No. 6, Er-Oh, yes, to get an education.

Speed the Parting Guest

HE—Before I go I shall kiss you.
SHE—What time is it?

A Sense of Humor

I saw a man run over
And completely flattened out
By a very large steam-roller,
Such as oft you've seen about.

I saw one limp and helpless,
On a live electric wire,
While all around his body
Were flashes fierce of fire.

And do I quail and sicken
When sights like these I see?
No, no; I laugh and snicker;
I'm merry as can be.

The chap who makes the roller
Run over that poor man,
He wants me to enjoy it;
To giggle all I can.

And likewise he who fastens
The victim to the wire;
He also hopes I'll chortle
And laugh until I tire.

For sights like these are funny
To those of mirthful bent;
Their maker is an artist
For a comic supplement.

And so when e'er I see them,
I know it's up to me
To bubble o'er with laughter;
With mirth and jollity.

Oh, a wondrous sense of humor
Have I got;
Such a host of things are funny
That are not. —F.

Slightly So

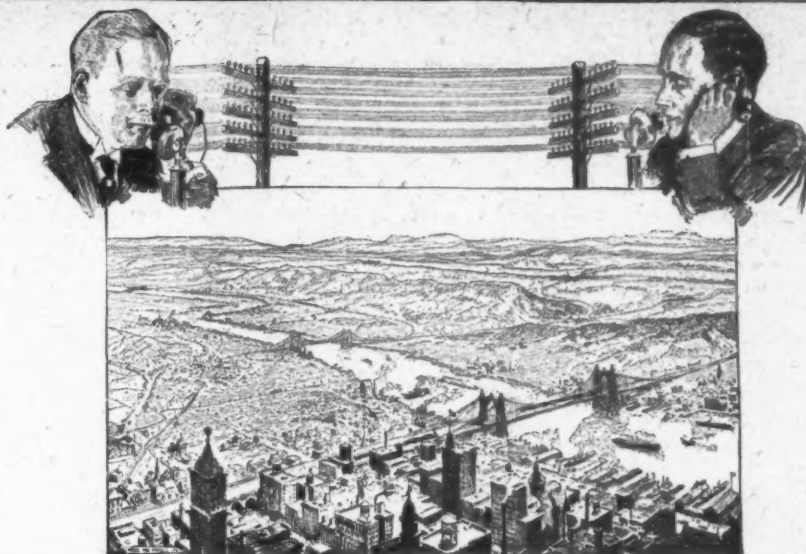
During a cross-examination in a trial in an Ohio court, counsel was endeavoring to elicit from one witness an illustration of absent-mindedness.

"Well," said the witness, cautiously, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to home, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home to get—I should say that that feller was a little absentminded."

How They Decided

WILLIS: I suppose you, your wife and your mother-in-law all had a hand in naming your new baby girl?

GILLIS: Yes. Her first name is after my wife, her middle-name after my mother-in-law, and her family name is to be the same as mine.



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This marvelous instrument is the pre-eminent vehicle of speed and speech. Railroads cover the country, but your traveler often must alight with bag and baggage and change trains to get to a given point. Railroads reach cities, towns and villages. The telephone reaches the individual.

The telephone offers continuous passage for the voice and unbroken connections to the uttermost places because it is a united System co-ordinated

to the single idea of serving the entire people of this country.

It has been a powerful factor, along with the transportation systems, in the magnificent achievements of the United States—helping to prepare the way where latent possibilities of mines, forests and farms were to be developed.

The continued growth of our national prosperity depends in a great measure upon the maintenance and continued growth of the utilities which furnish the means of intercourse and interchange. They are the indispensable servants of the individual, the community and the entire nation.



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by Rolf Armstrong

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Clothes

Clothes are (or is) the foliage of the human race, the only difference between human foliage and nature's foliage being that nature takes off its foliage in the winter, while humans take it off in the summer.

Some people resemble evergreens, and wear their winter clothes all the year 'round. Such people, like evergreens, can generally be distinguished by their heavy, gloomy look, and their penetrating fragrance.

Clothes were invented by the first man who tried to pass through a thicket of black-berry bushes about three jumps ahead of a stegosaurus, a stethoscopus, a thesaurus or any of the old prehistoric beasts. When he had finally shinned a tree on the other side of the thicket and taken a good look at the comprehensive and fluent scratches on his legs, the thought of trousers flashed into his head with a loud majority report.

Had it not been for the invention of the telephone, the telegraph, skyscrapers and commuting, it is probable that men's clothes and women's clothes would have become identical. When man, however, was confronted with the necessity of climbing telegraph poles, indulging in structural iron work, and sprinting for the 7:28 train, he lost the keen desire for satins, lace collars and cuffs, long silk stockings and Gainsboro' hats which marked one period of his development, and took to the more utilitarian trousers, vest and coat of the present day.

Women's clothes have remained practically the same ever since the beginning. The position of the waist-line and the shape of the sleeves fluctuates nervously every few months in order to give women something to think about, and to provide dressmakers' bills for their husbands to swear at; while the number of undergarments worn varies inversely as the size of the bank account. Outside of these things, there is little change. In fact, feminine styles for the coming year go back in part to the medieval lines of the 15th century. Presumably dressmakers have found that unless they go back that far for their styles, their customers can go



"Gee Whiz! I had a nickel yesterday and I've only got a penny left."

"It's yer own fault. Ye're always chasin' 'round with some skirt or other."

up in the attic and use the dresses that were laid down in cedar chests by their ancestors.

Though there seems to be a tendency in some quarters to get back to that popular tropical costume of a wisp of gauze and a necklace of glass beads, there is a widespread belief that so long as soft coal is used so copiously in our cities and while automobiles disturb the dust with such extreme vigor, some sort of clothes will always be worn by the masses, no matter what the Russian dancers do.

—K. L. R.

Wealth Wanted

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Obvious

A commodious amount of excitement has been aroused in the offices of editorial paragraphers by the question which a Missouri young woman asked of a farm journal, to wit: "What shall I do to keep my calves from freezing?" The question admits of only one answer, however. To keep her calves from freezing, the young woman shouldn't go out of doors until longer dresses become fashionable.

The Aftermath

Henderson: "What makes you so blue?"
Sanderson: "My wife's bread's a failure."
Henderson: "Is that all?"
Sanderson: "All? No; something worse is coming."
Henderson: "What?"
Sanderson: "A week's ordeal of bread pudding."

FATHER—"I got a number of sealed proposals at my office to-day."

DAUGHTER—"Oh, pa, were any of them for me?"

Legislative

"What is the initiative and referendum?"
"Another name for wives."

An Anachronism

HE—I am a man of the old school!
SHE—Well, I dismissed your class some time ago!

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—and a white cloth. And Carbona will not injure the most delicate fabric or color.

Never use dangerous benzine, naphtha or gasoline. You can hold a match over your bottle of Carbona and it—

will not explode

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Exposed at Last!

Many unsavory things have long been known of the late King Louis XI of France; but not until a Princeton professor really looked into the matter recently and rattled a number of hitherto undiscovered bones did it develop that Louis XI was a confirmed hen-thief, who was as adept at snaking a pullet from the top perch of a neighbor's hen-roost as the wildest Afro-American in the business. Louis XI died over 433 years ago.

In all that time his reputation has been little worse than that of the oversuccessful coal-baron or the congressman who grows wealthy in Congress. His descendants held important political posts in France, and pursued the difficult art of kinging with great pertinacity and success. They were prominent socially, and never had the finger of scorn aimed at them. But now, at one fell swoop, the long-hidden sin of their illustrious ancestor has leaped nimbly from the musty pages of the past to mantle their cheeks with blushes and cause the perspiration to stand upon their foreheads in the still watches of the night.

After all these years of honest toil, people whose ancestors were never found out can say scornfully of the descendants of Louis XI: "They may be all right, but their great-great-great-grandfather was a chicken thief! Look out for 'em!" An ancestor worthy of the name owes it to himself to prepare alibis for all possible contingencies.

Seeking Information

DOCTOR (at 2:00 A. M.) Say, what do you mean by beating at my door like that? What's the matter with you, anyway?

DISTURBER. Can't shay, doc, 'm shure. Thash what I wanna find out.

An Epidemic

HIS WIFE: I don't see why you should be so hard up. What have you done with all those war babies you've been carrying?

TICKETAPE: They've all succumbed to infantile paralysis.



"Ha, that's a good one on ye, Pete! Ye thought ye was throwin' the dirt in the wagon an' it all went into me basket o' lunch."

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Fashion in World of Thought

(Continued from page 16)

It was all about burglars catching fish, etc. He looked so shocked,—I had to blush. It was too absurd.

PROFESSOR: But you don't deny that dreams do reveal our subconscious selves.

MATRON: Maybe. But I can quite sympathize with our young friend. It is annoying not to be conscious of the meaning of what is going on in our subconsciousness. Who should know if not we.

POET: Only the poet can know. Physicians claim to probe our subconscious life by psycho-analysis. But poets psycho-analyze themselves. Dreams revealing our desiring are more truly ourselves than we are.

DEBUTANTE: Do we have to go to sleep to find out what we really want.

PACIFIST: No, our true self is our waking self. When we dream, the primitive in us is rampant.

MATRON: How I would like to know which to follow to realize health and happiness. Does it pay to be civilized if we have to keep on suppressing and getting all nervous and sick.

PACIFIST: It does. Wars come through the breaking out of suppressed desires to kill and plunder.

JOURNALIST: Bully. An article, By Jove. I see the way to prevent war. Too much civilization, too much repression, a nervous breakdown of the nation — war. Apply psycho-analysis to the nation before the war. Get at the nation's dreams.

POET: But what is the clue to a nation's dreams.

JOURNALIST: You ask that. The popular plays, of course. An essay sure as fate. Look for it in the "Soporific Monthly."

MODERN CNYIC: You haven't sold it yet. Isn't it a pity that Society doesn't make people suppress their money-getting instinct instead of their other instincts?

Embroidered Phrases for Occasions:

"Keep them suppressed."

"Quit your 'psycho-analyzing!'"

"I don't understand you, but subconsciously I believe I feel the truth of what you say."



Overworked Phrases

Copper—"Move on."

Architect—"The extras will come to a thousand more."

Railroad Man—"Yes, it's two hours late."

Chorus girl—"He sure is stuck on me."

The Speeder—"I was going only ten miles an hour."

The Waiter—"Anything else, sir?"

A Sisterly Feeling

"This newspaper says that a man named Thomas Manion of Mt. Carmel, Pa., owns a thirty-year-old hen."

"You interest me! I think I ate her twin sister yesterday!"

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Vanity Fair will act as your passport to popularity. It will teach you how to write vers-libre on your shirt-bosom; how to wear a tiara without hatpins; and how to tell a Newport dowager from a sea-lion. In short, it will keep you in touch with everything stimulating, novel and amusing in the brilliant kaleidoscope of American life.

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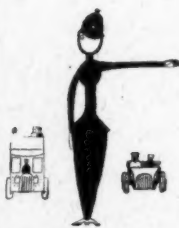
I want to go through life with my mind open; to keep my sympathies warm; to keep in touch with the newest and liveliest influences of modern life. Therefore, I want you to send me the next six numbers of Vanity Fair. My favorite dollar is inclosed.

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ADAMS FOR
CINDERELLA

J. M. BARRIE'S GREATEST TRIUMPH



"I'm glad we got this car, John, baby
likes the rattle so."

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 13)

people had "names" and some have headed
companies of their own.

William Elliott who played *Jether* looked remarkably boyish, but he seemed a bit colloquial. At times, he suggested a young American college student, spending a summer at Hebron, and rather isolated from his surroundings. Young Mr. Elliott, however, improved, and in the pathetic return of the last act, he was at his best. It was in his pantomime that he scored. Vocally, he was somewhat inadequate. The "saucy" lady acted by Miss Florence Reed, was so modern, and so slavishly imitative of Carmen, that I expected her to burst into the Habanera at any moment. She swayed hands on hips, and she pirouetted sinuously, and she squirmed, until you began to wonder when *Don Jose* was due. Charles Dalton, William H. Thompson, and James O'Neill, all actors of experience in the good old school—which you have simply got to recognize — were capital, and there were many others who were well placed.

We are not yet ripe for war plays. They hurt. They seem to be a rather ruthless effort to make capital of a conflict, while it is still that. The Stage Society gave a performance at the Gaiety Theatre of a harrowing thing by A. Giovannitti, called "As It Was In The Beginning," and though it was very impressive, it seemed unnecessary, just at present. It was the story of a woman outraged by a drunken German soldier, whose husband enlists in order to avenge her wrongs, and then turns against her when he learns that maternity is impending. This is not an unduly fastidious public; it has no very fixed rules on the subject of propriety, but it is not yet ready for war plays, even presented by Stage Societies.

Let us wait a bit.

An Anachronism

How do you like this play?

It is absurd — absolutely absurd. There are supposed to be three months intervening between the first act and the second, and here the heroine is wearing the same gown now that she wore in the first act!

Business of Looking Cheerful

GWENDOLYN: I hear that Fanny Forty-odd is to be married. Who is the happy man?

GRACE: Why, her father.

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IN NEW YORK

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SHUBERT WONDERS
ASTOR Love o' Mike
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from six to seven years of
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American Champagne ever
awarded a Gold Medal at
Foreign Expositions.

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Oldest and largest producers of
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Aero Turpitude

"You are not afraid to take chances?"
queried the commander of the French
Aviation Corps.

"Afraid to take chances?" blurted out
the eager American recruit. "Why, sir,
when I'm flying, I absolutely can't keep
from taking chances; I'm a veritable klep-
tomanic then, sir"

LOVETT—"My wife kisses me evenings
when I get home late."

RUSSELL—"Affection?"

LOVETT—"No; investigation."

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Taking Advantage of a National Weakness

"Hello!" exclaimed the Government Information Leak, "what are you doing out here in the open, where everybody can see you? I thought there was a reward on your head."

"Hello yourself and the same to you," replied the High Price of Coal. "I'm out here because I discovered long ago that the American People have severe difficulty in seeing anything that is right under their noses, whereas they are frightfully keen at detecting secrets thousands of miles removed from them."

The Government Information Leak chuckled with delight. "Why, that's exactly my idea," said he. "Weren't you clever to guess it! There's the Need for Industrial Preparedness over there, where all the people are stepping on him without seeing him. Let's go over and join him and have a jolly time together."

So they did; and until a late hour that night the High Price of Coal, the Need for Industrial Preparedness and the Government Information Leak sat together in the most conspicuous place they could find, and laughed themselves into convulsions to see the Proletariat stumbling over them in a dazed manner and inquiring helplessly as to their whereabouts.

His Happiest Hour

RICHARD: Do you remember the night I proposed?

MARIE: Indeed, I do, dear. We sat for one hour, and you never opened your mouth. I remember perfectly, dear. Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life!

Better Accommodations

"I wish I'd been wooed by a caveman."

"Why?"

"Just look at the size of this flat."

Correct

WILLIS: What do you think is the greatest blunder of the War?

GILLIS: That they ever started it.



Is papa asleep, dear?
Not yet, I can't hear a thing.

Tablecloths

Tablecloths are boundless areas of linen or other flexible textile which are commonly supposed to be indispensable at certain esculatory functions. They are used partly to hide defects in the dining room table, partly to make work for the laundress, partly to impress guests with the social standing and *savoir faire* of the hostess, and partly to add to the discomfort of children who have to be careful in the presence of tablecloths, especially if they happen to be clean,—the tablecloths, not the children. Tablecloths are different from clothes in that they must not fit: they must be several times too large for the tables which they are to drape, but no matter how much tablecloth seems to be going to waste, it is inexcusably bad form for guests to use the surplus in lieu of napkins. Every tablecloth has a beautiful design which is carefully considered by the manufacturer and the dealer and which is carefully examined by the purchaser, but which nobody looks at ever after.

E. O. J.

A Needed Invention

KNOW: "I have just read a most interesting article telling how a Frenchman has built a spring fork that projects from the top of an aeroplane and enables it to alight by clutching a wire cable."

DOUGH: "I wonder why nobody has ever used that idea in the construction of a spaghetti fork?"

The Queen of Abyssinia

(Continued from page 5)

"When I was West some years ago, I read a poem in English—something about 'that blessed word Mesopotamia.' It gave me the idea for my book on Incantations.

"But really, sir, you can see I am not cruel. I am the Marcus Aurelius of tyrants. I have extinguished thought and genius—not with the Knout and Siberia as they do it in barbarous Russia or with your horrid Post Office inspectors, as they do it in America, but with words, words, words."

"And they are mainly?" I asked as a slight shiver percolated through my spine.

"Renunciation. Compliance. Non-resistance. Mutual Love. There isn't a thinker or a reformer or a candidate for martyrdom left in my domains," she said rising. "Those words are our religion."

"In fact," she added, "I have achieved for my people what you fools are always talking about—Happiness."

Just then a tame, intelligent looking baboon leaped on her and kissed her. As I rode off in my donkey-cart toward the sweating sun I wondered—well, what's the good of wondering in the most mysterious of all mysterious worlds?

By Absorption

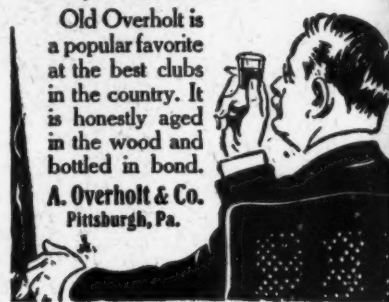
NED—"Her face was bathed in moonlight!"

TED—"Where you the sponge?"



"Same for 106 Years"

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You are cordially invited to dress up in your best bib and tucker, and hold yourself in readiness for March 12, 1917.

For on that date PUCK celebrates his Fortieth birthday—forty years young!

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How do YOU know whether or not the securities sold you by some glib-tongued stock or bond salesman, or advertised or recommended by some newspaper or magazine "financial editor" have NOW any REAL value?

One of Thousands Received

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 21, 1912.

Mr. H. L. Barber, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Mr. Barber:—Your several communications, with the three copies of **INVESTING FOR PROFIT**, have been duly received.

The article, "Science of Investment," is an illuminating one; and it is hard to see how any one could read it without profit. I only wish that years ago the viewpoint of the article could have been had. Not least among its virtues is its lucid statement which leaves nothing the average man of ordinary affairs fails to comprehend. You are unquestionably on the right track, and cannot but do the people and the country good. I could not but feel that while President-Elect Woodrow Wilson is sweeping the horizon of future responsibility to the nation, it would not be amiss, if he has not seen it, he have the opportunity of reading "Science of Investment." It looks very much like Thos. W. Lawson is "ploughing with your heifer" in his article in the November issue of "Everybody's Magazine."

Sincerely yours, N. B. W.

What becomes of the millions taken from the public in this manner every year?

It was for the very purpose of warning its readers against bad investments in addition to instructing them in the fundamentals of good investments, business and personal, municipal and corporate, that **INVESTING FOR PROFIT** recently instituted a regular department wherein is set forth each month facts concerning the various forms of "Get-Poor-Quick" investments largely advertised or recommended by many of the so-called leading magazines and financial papers.

That this new feature of ours is appreciated is shown by the increasing number of letters received by us daily. Readers **KNOW** that they can here obtain the unbiased and impartial judgment of those who have spent years in study and analysis, and who are qualified through personal experience and knowledge to counsel wisely.

There is no more important subject than this. It touches every phase of human activity. How to avoid the snares of the stock-sharpers and financial "three-card-monte" men and the magazines with "financial departments" as adjuncts to their advertising departments has been told in previous issues of **INVESTING FOR PROFIT**. Our work has a **CONSTRUCTIVE** character also. You will learn surprisingly interesting and valuable things—how the money trust controls and uses the people's money for a pittance and re-loans it, or sells it back in trust-

made, tariff protected product, to the money earners and savers of the country at high rates and tremendous profits, but of even more importance, you will learn how large fortunes are made and why they are made—the knowledge financiers hide from the masses.

*If your **BANK BALANCE** is important to you and you wish to use it so that it will earn and return to you its full and legitimate **EARNING CAPACITY**, you will not miss the many interesting articles in this progressive journal.*

INVESTING FOR PROFIT enjoys the largest financial circulation in America and is in its twentieth volume.

Remember, this is a **REGULAR FEATURE**. **INVESTING FOR PROFIT** also gives heed to the safeguarding of its readers' funds—whether they be merchants, manufacturers, farmers, laborers, widows, trustees, or what not—everyone can and should read these articles.

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